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reformations in morals are as meaningless and vulgar as reformations in theology. But while to propose to be a better man is a piece of unscientific cant, to have become a deeper man is the privilege of those who have suffered."

These extracts prove Wilde to have become a deeper man. Depth implies regeneration.

Oscar Wilde in his triple capacity as poet, dramatist, and novelist is less interesting than as a psychological study. The whole world ventures into those regions where he reigned as artist. There are things he has written exquisite as a harebell swaying in the wind, as, for instance, those lines to L. L. There are others pagan and gorgeous as Salome. There are morbidities and exotics, there are introspections and witticisms, there are delicate lights and shades, but there are no more

perfect jewels left from a forlorn life than the fairy tales. *The Birthday of the Infanta* is symbolic of the whole tragedy of Oscar Wilde's life. It is impossible to read the story without a lump in one's throat. Wilde, till the blow fell which led to his arrest, had been frolicking, as it were, in a forest of fancies like the dwarf with the gipsies. He had been enamoured of fantasies, obsessed by his own delusions. He capered in search of the impossible, and Fate and Betrayal brought him capering still before Society's looking-glass. He suddenly saw himself as others saw him. He heard the laughter, read the contempt his weird personality drew from the average onlooker. As he recognised himself his heart broke, and Beauty lost one of her most wilful and most exquisite interpreters.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

A LITTLE SONG

BY ELLICE BEERE

I

I come on a wave of the great love-tide,
Hopelessly searching, far and wide,
A love that I may never abide
Without.

To palace or hut I can find my way,
Nor prince nor peasant will say me
nay,
I knock at the door of men's hearts and
say,

"Let me in!"

II

When I've looked around with my fairy
eyes,
And found there is nothing new to sur-
prise—

The heart of the fool as the heart of the wise
Within—

That they all make love in the same old way
To-day, to-morrow, and yesterday,
I tear at the strings of men's hearts and say,
"Let me out!"